The Keystone Watch Case Co. of Philadelphia,

the largest watch case manufacturing concern in the world, is now putting upon the Jas. Boss Filled and other cases made by it, a bow (ring) which cannot be twisted or pulled off the watch.

It is a sure protection against the pickpocket and the many accidents that befall watches fitted with the old-style bow, which is simply held in by friction and can be twisted off with the fingers. It is called the

Nox-pull-out

and CAN ONLY BE HAD with cases bearing their trade mark-

Sold only through watch dealers, without extra charge. Ask any jeweler for pamphlet. or send to the manufacturers.

AT THE TABERNACLE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES WREST-LING WITH THE SUPERNATURAL

A Sermon of Beautiful Imagery on the Spiritual Conflicts of Life-The Famous Preacher Has Something to Say on the Nonessentials of Religion.

BROOKLYN, April 29.-The Tebernacle was crowded this morning with the usual throng of eager listeners. Dr. Talmage preached on the spiritual conflicts of life, taking for his text Genesis xxxii, 24-26 'And Jacob was left alone, and there ing of the day. And when he saw that he prevailed not against him he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestied with him. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

The dust arose from a traveling herd of

cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jab-No shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream, but a fierce combat that lasts until the morning with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his su-perior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps main-ing him for life. As on the morning sky the clusters of purple cloud begin to ripen Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light. "The day breaketh."

You see in the first place that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terrible struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, pit, for Daniel, a wild beast den; for David, dethronement and exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax: for Peter, a prison; for Paul, shipwreck; for John, desolate Patmos; for Vashti, most insulting cruelty; for Josephine, banishment; for Mra Sigourney, the agony of a drunkard's wife; for John Wesley, stones hurled by an infuriated mob; for Cathe rine, the Scotch girl, the drowning surges of the sea; for Mr. Burns, the buffeting of the Montreal populace; for John Lord Claver-Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claver-Edinburgh, the pistol shot of Lord Claver-Montreal populace; for John Brown of Latimer, the stake; for Christ, the scalou; for For whom the rocks, the gibbets, the guil-lotines, the thumbscrews? For the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then," he replied, "I am against the world."

Redhot Disasters. I will go further and say that every Christian has his struggle. This man had his combat in Wall street; this one on Broad street; this one on Fulton street; this one on Chestnut street; this one on State street; this one on Lombard street; this one on the bourse. With financial misfortune you have had the midnight wrestle. Redhot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fied. The help you expected would not come. Some giant panic, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain wheth-

er it will throw you or you will throw it.

Here is another soul in struggle with
some bad appetite. He knew not how stealthily it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said, "For the sake of my soul, of my family and of my chil-dren and of my God, I must stop this!" And, behold, he found himself alone by the brook Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he seized upon it, and, oh, the horror of the con-When once a bad habit has aroused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that, by the help of the eternal God, he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in a long line of light to look from above, and hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for such a struggle, and they have bitten their lip and clinched their fists and cried with a blood red earnestness and a rain of

scalding tears, "God help me!"

From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fall back defeated. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit, but that habit rallied again its infernal power and lifted a soul from its standing and with a force borrowed from the pit hurled it into utter darkness. First I saw the auctioneer's mallet fall on the pictures, and mu-sical instruments, and the rich upholstery of his family parlor. After awhile I saw him fall into the ditch. Then, in the midnight, when the children were dreaming their sweetest dreams and Christian hous holds are silent with slumber angel watched I heard him give the sharp shrick that followed the stab of his own ponlard. He fell from an honored social position; he fell from a family circle of which once he was the grandest attraction; he fell from the house of God, at whose altars he had been erated; he fell-forever! But, thank God, I have often seen a better termina-

tion than that. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They laid held of God's such a wrestling. They laid hold of God's help as they went into combat. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many temptations, came out strong and defiant. They clinched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fearful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and at last, in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the car. Thenks he the darkness with the cry, 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A Glorious Promise. There is a widow's heart, that first was desolated by bereavement, and since by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to Ohio.

see a man convening for a fivelimon under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow, is more affecting. It was a humble home, and passers by knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admirable than that of Hannibal crossing the Alps, or the pass of Thermopyins, or Balaklava, where, "Into the jaws of death rode the six hundred."

of death rode the air hundred."

These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there were none to applied the struggle in the humble home. She tought for bread, for elothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head and weak side and exhausted strength through the leng night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No, con-

tending soul! The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the ripple of the brook Jabbok, the promise made so long ago ringing down the sky, "Thy fatherless children I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust

Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep sheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross prayers. When I had my rent to pay, and nothing to pay it with, and bread to buy, and nothing to buy it with, I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street I say, 'The Lord help me.' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me.' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the habit of saying these cross prayers' I have been able to keep up my courage.

Grand Trials.

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the darkness is really an "angel of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strange personage was not an enemy, but a God dispatched messenger to enemy, but a God dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man at the close of his trial has found out that he has been trying to throw down trying to throw down his own blessing If you are a Christian man, I will go bac in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of sconrging, imprisonment and shipwreck could have made Paul what he was.

When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own son, he was being prepared to become the sweet singer of Israel. The pit and the dungeon were the best schools at which Joseph ever graduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to write the magnificent poem that has astounded the ages. There is no way to get the wheat out of the straw but to thrash it. There is no way to purify the gold but to burn it. Look at the peo ple who have always had it their own way. They are proud, discontented, useless and unhappy. If you want to find cheerful folks, go among those who have been puri-fied by the fire.

After Rossini had rendered "William Tell" the five hundreth time a company of musicians came under his window Paris and serenaded him. They put upon his brow a golden crown of laurel leaves! But amid all the applause and enthusiasm Rossini turned to a friend and said, "I would give all this brilliant scene for a few days of youth and love." Contrast the melancholy feeling of Rossini, who had everything that this world could give him, to the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose misfortunes were innumerable,

> The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets Before we reach the heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets

Then let our songs abound ground To fairer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble While the Israelites were on the march amid creat privations and hard ships they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in large multitudes all about them, and the Israelites ate and ate and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injures the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that cats up the Christian's life. It is the quails. It is the quails. You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God come

down to bless and save.

The Mark of Trouble. Learn, again, that while our wrestling with trouble may be triumphant we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its socket, and the good man went limping or his way. We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed those premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your household! Ah, it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limping on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did.

Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble touched. Are we stoics that we can, unmoved, see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight uprooted? Will Jesus, who wept himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we love best? Was Lazarus more dear to him than our beloved dead to us? No. We have a right to weep Our tears must come. You shall not drive them back to scald the hearts. They fall into God's bottle. Afflicted ones have died because they could not weep. Thank God for the sweet, the mysterious relief that comes to us in tears. Under this gen-tle rain the flowers of corn put forth their bloom. God pity that dry, withered, parched, all consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails unto the quick, but cannot weep We may have found the comfort of the cross and yet ever after show that in the dark night and by the brook Jabbok we

were trouble touched. Again we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the daydawn. No one was ever more glad to see the morning than was Jacob after that night of struggle. It is appropriate for philanthropists and Christians to cry out with this angel of the text, "The day breaketh." The world's prospects are brightening. The church of Christ is rising up its strength to go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." Clap your hands, all we need the day breaketh. The bisotries

If King Solomon was alive he would now say: "Go to the traveling man, learn his ways and be wise." Mr. C. W. Battell, a Cincinnati traveling man representing the Queen Oity Printing Ink Co., after suffering intensely for two or three days with lameness of the sholder, resulting from rheumatism, completely cured it with two applications of Ch-mberlain's Pain Balm. This remedy is gaining a wide reputation for its prompt cures of rheumatism, lame back, sprains, swellings, and lameness. 50 cent bottles are for sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon,

of the earth are perishing. The time was when we were told that if we wanted to get to heaven, we must be immersed or sprinkled, or we must believe in the pereverance of the saints, or in falling away from grace, or a liturgy, or no liturgy, or they must be Calvinists or Arminians in order to reach heaven. We have all come to confess now that these are nonessentials

in religion. The Christian Hope.

During my vacation one summer I was in a Presbyterian audience, and it was sac-ramental day, and with grateful heart I received the holy communion. On the next Sabbath I was in a Methodist church and sat at a love feast. On the following Sabbath I was in an Episcopalian church and knelt at the alter and received the conserated bread. I do not know which serv-

secretard bread. I do not know which service I enjoyed the most. "I believe in the communion of saints and in the life everlasting." "The day breaketh."

As I look upon this audience I see many who have passed through waves of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In fad's name I provide the came that the came that the came that the came that the came is not the came that the came t

God's name I proclaim cessation of hostili-ties. You shall not go always saddened and heartbroken. God will lift your bur-den. God will bring your dead to life. God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know he will. Like as a father pities his children, so the Lord pittes you. The pains of earth will end. The tomb will burst. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open. The day break-

Luther and Melancthon were talking to gether gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of delivsaid to Melanethon: "Come, Philip, let us sing the forty-sixth psalm of David: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters there-of roar and be troubled, though the moun-tains shake with the swelling thereof.

The Final Struggle. Death to many—nay, to all—is a strug-gle and a wrestle. We have many friends that it will be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is. It is a bit-ter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its falling fruits, its sparkling streams, and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle, but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice may be turned to keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage and widowhood, or the church of Christ may mourn over over going, but if Jesus calls all is well. 's strong wrestling by the brook will cease, the hour of death's night will pass along, I o'clock in the morning, 2 o'clock in the morning, 4 o'clock in the

morning—the day breaketh.
So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I have no grudge against this world. The only fault I have to find with the world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up. Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends who would detain me here, exclaiming: "Lot me go; let me go! The day breaketh."

How They Fought.

The story of the death struggle of the little column of Englishmen that Lobengula's Matabele warriors swallowed up can't be told too frequently. The following are the words of one of the savage officers who led in the attack: "I, Machasha, induna of the Insuku regiment, tell you these things. We were 6,000 men against your They rode into the track and linked their horses in a ring and commenced a heavy fire upon us, and our men fell fast and thick. We opened fire upon them and killed all their horses. Then they took to cover behind their horses' bodies and killed us just like grass. We tried to rush them. Twice we tried, but falled. After a time they did not fire so much, and we thought their ammunition was getting short. Then, just as we were preparing to rush again, they all stood up. They took off their hats and sang. We were so amazed to see men singing in the face of death we knew not what to do. At last we rushed. You white men don't fight like men, but like devils. They shot us until the last cartridge, and most of them shot themselves with that. But those who had none left just covered up their eyes and died without a sound. Child of a white man, your people know how to fight and how to die. We killed all the 34. But they killed us like grass."-London Exchange.

Life at Low Temperatures.

There are many experiments that demonstrate the resistance of germs to low temperature. Heat alone can destroy them, and even then it has to go to 120 degree or 130 degrees centigrade to be absolutely Cold, in fact, is so inefficacious to de

prive a certain number of animals of life that M. Raoul Pictet has been able to freeze and then thaw out again certain fresh water fish, such as tench and goldfish. In an atmosphere of 8 degrees to 15 degrees centigrade, and after having taken the precaution to keep them one or two days in water at zero he was able to freeze slowly into a solid mass some of the above mentioned fish and the water they were in. He found that on breaking a portion of the ice the fish it contained broke into fragments as though made of ice, and he ther found that by allowing the rest to melt the fish remaining began to swim about again as though nothing had happened. The New York Herald thinks this curious experiment deserves to be related in order to prove that heat and cold should not be

A Wise Bird.

placed on the same footing as methods of

"There is a species of the bird known as the woodpecker in the far west that has an unusual amount of reasoning faculty," said Dr. Theodore Mayfield. "It is much tamer than the species of that bird found farther east and frequents the towns rather than the woods. They make holes along the caves of the dwellings, and in these holes they place acorns, not for the purpose of eating them, as I am told that the birds do not eat acorns at all, but for the purpose of devouring the grubs that germinate in the acorns. During a trip to the coast I was interested in watching this birds and was told by a number of people about the characteristics of which I speak. This indicates a continuous train of thought, looking forward to the time of the creation of the worm and its desirability as food.' -St. Louis Republic.

Vitality of Disease Germs. As an evidence of the phenomenal vital-ity of disease germs, Dr. Koch of Germany and Drs. Ewart and Carpenter of England declare that the blood of animals and men declare that the blood of animals and men dying of contagions may be dried and kept for years, and that they will then produce the class of infections to which they belong, this even after having been pulverized in a mortar and subjected to the lowest degree of natural and artificial cold.—Exchange. SOWING AND REAPING.

For bloom we sow one sort of seed, Another answers hunger's need. Weeds only propagate their kind, But leave abundant seed behind, Which, if you scatter heedless, know,

A youth, industrious and pure. With noble aims, is promise sure Of proud achievement's heritage, Of worthy manhood, honored age, And, doth the harvest ripen slow

Alasi youth often is too blind To see the needs of heart or mind.
A wilderness of tares appears—
Eure fruitage of the wasted years.
From evil seed good will not grow, You're sure to reap just what you sow. Helen A. Woods in Good Housekeeping

MY SUICIDE.

Yes, I have wished to die. It was just after receiving the assur ace that Amelie was false to me. Was it indeed Amelie-this perfid-

ous coquette? Only think of it. She held my life in her little hand, and I am not now even sure of her name. Young men, this may astonish you, but you will learn better in time.

I was young then-quite young, and I no sooner learned of my misfortune than I determined to end my life. My first intention was to shoot myself on her stairway, but I bethought me of the crowds that would see me there and of how Henriette—was not that her name? -would ridicule me, so my amour propre came to my resone.
"No," I said to myself, "there must

be no excitement, no noise. The wounded bird conceals himself behind a tuft of grass. Thus I wish to die-in some corner-isolated, lost, forgotten."

In this elegiac frame of mind I took the 5:30 train for Melun. It deposited me at dusk, about 100 steps from the Golden Lion-a well kept hotel, with airy rooms, good beds and an excellent

"What does monsieur wish?" asked a little waitress, whom I have since found to be very pretty.

I was not hungry. I went to bed. My sleep was fitful, and every instant I thought I saw Victorine—I believe her name was Victorine-pass by on the arm of my rival.

Then I struck out with my fist against the wall, the iron bedstead or the marble top tale. I was much bruised next morning, but

what mattered it, since I was so soon to

I went in quest of a rope. I had beieved formerly that, when one wished to hang oneself, nothing could be easier than to find a rope. A sad mistake. In my search I traversed the entire hotel to no purpose. The little waitressthe one whom I have since found is so pretty-demanded of me:

"But what does monsieur wish to do with a rope?"

At last, with a length of hemp in my pocket, I left the hotel and made my way to a spot in the woods where I had often been before. I found here, behind an inextricable tangle of foliage, the same inviting retreat where I had once lingered to dream. There could certainy exist no more appropriate spot for the deed I now contemplated.

While walking along I had thought of Berthe — possibly her name was Berthe—and I cursed her with all my soul. Then I looked at my rope. I mensured it. I tested its strength. It was not the sort of a rope I wished. It appeared to be too short and too large around. I was vexed. You can scarcely imagine w an annovance of this s fluence one's ideas.

And here was another vexation. Upon aching the chosen spot I was disagreenbly surprised to find it occupied by another. A person, with his back turned to me, was engaged in fastening a rope to a branch above his head-the very branch which I had selected for my "What are you doing there?" I de-

anded of him. He faced me suddenly. "What concern of yours is it?" he saked.

"You think perhaps that I do not divine your intention," I cried. "And if I wish to kill myself that is dtogether my affair."

"Kill yourself?"

I looked at him. He seemed to be an amiable young fellow, with an open countenance, sympathetic eyes and an interesting pallor.

"So you wish to kill yourself." And suspecting him to be the victim of an unhappy love affair, I added, "About some worthless woman?"

"Sir!" he cried. "Poor idiot!" I thought, "Lovers are all alike—he defends her even yet." The stranger was silent.

"Will you permit me to give you a bit of advice?" I inquired. "Leave your rope where it is"-I had noticed that it was better than mine-"go home. You will thank me for this after awhile.'

He shook his head. "I want to die."

"Don't prepare any poignant regrets for the morrow," I continued, with sweet insistence. "I repeat what I have said. After you are buried you will bemoan your precipitancy, and then it will be too late.

"You say this because you do not know what has happened to me." "But I suspect."

"No, you cannot have even a suspicion. Oh, sir, a woman whom I adored, for whom' And he told me his story. Incredible coincidence! It was absolutely my own! This comparison set me thinking.

'Your

silence shows me your approval," said Charles. I had just learned his name to be Charles. "Not at all," I cried. I did not wish to appear like a weathercock. "There is nothing in your history which justifles you in having recourse to the end of

a rope. Charles had begun to interest me. 'Listen, my friend, you are out of your reason. Why should you wish to be treated more kindly than other men whose sweethearts play them false ev-

ery day?"
"But they are not as grossly deceived

Strength and Health.

"I beg your pardon."

"No, no."

"Oh, yes." "I know whereof I speak. And now you are free to make another choice much better one. There are plenty of

"Better than she? That is not possi-

"Indeed."

"Her equal does not exist." "But she"-"Oh, no."

"Ah, well, in the first moments, one may have such ideas, but wait a month and you will see."

My words sounded so replete with wisdom that, little by little, I began to find pleasure in listening to myself. I

"What good would it do you to die! would like you to tell me how it could advance your interests? The woman who deserted you has or has not a heart. If she has one"-

"Oh, but she has not." "Naturally she has not. Your death then would only flatter her. She will pose ever afterward as having been the cause of a suicide. Do you wish her to do so? And the world-what kind of funeral oration will it deliver over you? It will ask, 'Was he such a fool as that?' Yes, Charles, you will be justly treated as an imbecile."

I grew eloquent. It was because I had begun to feel that I was defending my own cause. All that I should have said to myself I said now to Charlesto my friend Charles, for I loved him already, with the same affection that he gave me in return. There was such conviction in my voice that Charles, yield-

ing, fell into my arms. 'Do with me what you will," he

"Very well," I said to him, with a sigh so profound as to reveal the empty void in my stomach, "let us go to break fast.

I conducted him to the hotel. Our emotions increased, and our appetites were terrible.

The table where we sat, with its snowy linen, its sparkling candles, its dainty viands, only added to our hun-

When a thick steak with potatoes had enveloped us in its savory odors; when, shared between us, its vermilion juice stained our knives; when, after the first mouthful, feverishly devoured, we had swallowed a cup of coffee, we looked silently at each other, while our eyes

"Ah, life is sweet." "But suppose I had not met you!" sighed Charles, his heart filled with gratitude

And I thought on my own part, "The dence! If I had not met him! "Do you know," began the young

man after another mouthful, "it was an unheard of piece of good luck that you should have gone to the very spot in the woods where I chanced to be. I said nothing.
"Ah," he exclaimed suddenly, "it

nust have been some good genius who ed you there!" My face flushed in spite of me. "You will not believe me," I told him, "but I went there as you did-to

hang myself." "Ah, bah!" My companion burst out laughing. 'That is too good," he cried. And we touched glasses. -Translate

Private Marks on One Silver Coin.

From the French For Romance

The "mint mark" on our silver coin age is so well known that almost any school child can tell you where a piece was coined. The "s" means that it is from the San Francisco mint, "c. c." that it was made at Carson City, and "o" that it is the work of the New Orleans money makers. Besides the above you will find some very small letters occasionally, especially on the standard dollar, the Columbian coins and the 1893 design of the quarters and half dollar pieces. On the standard dollar the letter is a microscopic "m" on the left loop of the ribbon which binds the wreath surrounding the eagle. Another 'm" of larger dimensions may also be found on the same coin at the lower edge of the neck of "Liberty," just in the edge of the hair. These miniature let ters are private marks of Mason, the man who made the dies.

On the Columbian coin we find a clear cut "B," the initial of Barber, the die sinker. - St. Louis Republic.

The Thirteen Superstition.

The inevitable 13 superstition came up in a company of which I was one the other day. In my own experience that foolish superstition has been knocked out so often that I rather enjoy sitting down to dinner with 13. Once I sat at a table with Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, as host. There were 13 covers, it was the 13th of May, and the occasion was the thirteenth performance of Sullivan and Gilbert's "Iolanthe." Of course nothing came of it. Another time I dined with the Thursday club of Philadelphia at a roadside inn on the Wissahickon. It was discovered that there were 18 at table, and one of the party being superstitions the landlord was asked to come in and make the fourteenth. He did so, and the result was that he and not one of the 13 died before the year was out. This is the nearest I ever came to having a verification of the superstition within my observation. - Major Handy in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Boots and Battles.

Marshal Saxe has left it on record that there was no article of a soldier's dress more important than boots, and that battles were won by legs. The Duke of Wellington, on being asked what was the best requisite for a soldier, replied, "A good pair of shoes." "What next?" "A spare pair of good soles."

Wales Rejected For Insurance-The Prince of Wales was very heavi-

v insured at one time, his motive in securing the insurance being, it was stated, to protect the money lender Farquhar, with whom he was implicated efore the Duke of Fife cleared up the prince's obligations by marrying into the royal family. Just how much insur-If you are not feeling strong and healthy; try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are affliced with Sich Warden. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store.

Where Imitation Didn't Work, There is but one Sam P. Jones. All his imitators have fallen far short of their

ambition, many have gaiven up in despair, while others have "bearded the iton in his den," only to be dragged out in defeat.

A strong characteristic of the negro is an effort to imitate the white people, and none is more ready to espouse the Cancasian traits than the colored expounders of the gospel. This fact was clearly demonstrated a short while ago in Alabama when the Rev. Isaac Davidson attended a meeting of Georgia's great evantended a meeting of Georgia's great evantended a meeting of Georgia's great evan

Mr. Jones delivered an able sermon, which he denounced his congregation as yellow dogs of hell and angels of the devil. Great enthusiasm was the result of the bour's service. The manner of arousing spiritual fervor made a deep impression on Davidson, and he decided to bestir his congregation on the same style. He did. He informed his flock individually and colectively that they were "blackhounds of niquity and imps of hell fire." He pans ed to see the result of his wily remarks. The outburst was far beyond his expects tions. It was, bowever, in a militant man

His audience rose like a seething mas of ink and rushed toward the dusky divine with spittoons, prayer books, razors, rosty revolvers, backs of benches and many other weapons that meant foul work. De videon saw safety in retreat and leaped from the back window and fied to the woods. He now resides in another state without a job, while his congregation, in an upheaval of anger, vow vengeance should be ever return.—Fairburn Ga.

Sareastic Postal Revalations A postmaster in a small country town recently exercised his ingenuity and found tent for his humor at the same time by posting up a new set of rules in his office.

Ink bottles may be corked when sent by

It is unsafe to post apple or fruit trees with the fruit on them.
As all postmasters are expert linguists, ses may be written in Chinese or Hebrew.

Persons are not compelled to lick their own postage stamps and envelopes-the ostmaster will do this for them.

Persons are earnestly requested not to end post cards with money orders attach ed, as large sums are lost in that way. It is particularly requested that lover

writing to each other will please confine their gushing rhapsodies to the inside of his envelope.

Nitroglycerin must be forwarded at the risk of the sender. If it should blow up in the postmaster's hand, he cannot be held responsible.

When watches are sent through the post the sender should put a notice on the out side—the postmasters will then wind and keep them in going order.

When sending a money order in a letter, always write full and explicit direc-

tions in the same communication, so that any person getting the letter can draw the When letters are received bearing no direction, the persons for whom they are in-tended will please signify the fact to the postmaster, that they may at once he for warded.—London Tit-Bits.

Advantages of Exercise.
It is important to notice how much depends on what students and young men are apt to despise as below their notice— I mean a perfectly sound physical condition. Take two men, if they could be found, exactly alike in mental and bodily aptitudes, and let the one go on carelessly and idly indulging his appetites and generally leading a life of what is called pleasure, and let the other train himself, by early hours, by temperate habits, and by giving to muscles and brain each their fair share of employment, and at the end of two or three years they will be as wide-ly apart in their capacity for exertion as

if they had oben born with wholly differ

ent constitutions.

Without a normal healthy condition
there can, as a rule, be no good work, and
though that qualification cannot absolutely be secured or preserved by any rules a ly be secured or preserved by any rules a little common sense and care will go a long way both in securing and preserving it. On that point I will just give these hints: First, that it is not mental labor that hurts anybody, unless the excess bevery great, but rather fresting and fidgetting over the prospect of labor to be gone through, so that the man who can accussom himself to take things calmly, which is cutte as much a matter of discipline as s quite as much a matter of discipline as of nature, and who, by keeping well be forehand with what he has to do, avoids undue burry and pervous excitement, has a great advantage over one who follows a different practice. Next, I would warn you that those who think they have not time for bodily exercise will sooner or lat-er have to find time for illness.—Lord Der-

Relief In Six Hours.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it is most immediately. It was resulted to the promote the promote the promote that the promote the promote the promote that the promote tha ing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Druggist, Napo-leon, O. April 27-93 ly

Telling a Person's Age. If you want to amuse yourself make your friends believe you are extraordinarily gifted and do a little practicing in mental arithmetic, get familiar with the manner of doing the following, and you will never fail to discover the age of a person and the

month in which he was born: First, you ask him to go to the other end of the room to prevent your seeing what he is going to write. Then you ask him to put down the number of the month in which he was born and multiply it by then add 5 to the sum and multiply the latter by 50, add his age to the quotient; then deduct 365 and add 115 to the differ-

Suppose he is 49 years of age and was born in February, the computation might stand thus: 2x2-4, plus 5-9, x50-450, plus 49-499, minus 365-134, plus 115-249. The last two figures indicate the age -viz, 49, and the first figure, 2, February, the second month of the year.

You simply ask the person to state the result of the calculation and then declare that he was born in February and is 49 years of age. - Golden Days.

Failing of the War Spirit In France.

Very great surprise has been caused at the war office by the official report which has been made with regard to the recruit-ing in France during the past year for vol-untary engagements for three years' serv-ice. In eight corps d'armee the regiments of infantry and artillery are now considerably short of even their peace complement, and in the engineers there has been a quite astounding falling off of numbers. The war spirit is decidedly not very pronounced in France at the present moment, and such signs as these must be taken seriously into calculation.—London Court Journal.

Conscientiously Wrote His Signature. A Springfield bank president has only recently finished the task of writing his name on each of 18,000 new \$5 bills. He might have had his name printed on the bills from an engraved block, as the law allows, but he preferred to sign his name in the old fashioned way.—Boston Herald.

Had Him There.

Lawyer-When were you born? Witness-I can't tell you. You told me awhile ago that I must only say what I knew myself and not what I heard other people say. I didn't look at the almanac when I was born.—London Million.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency." Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves.'

DR. J. F. KINCHELOR.

Castoria. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription

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